Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this? knowſt thou not
That we haue fined theſe bones of ours for ranſome?
Her. I come great King for charitable fauour,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the fielde lye ſpoiled and troden on.
Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.
Her. The day is yours.
Kin. Praiſed be God therefore:
What Caſtle call you that?
Her. We call it Agincourt.
Kin. Then call we this the fielde of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin, Criſpianus.
Flew. Your Grandfather of famous memory,
If your Grace be remembred,
Is do good ſeruice in France.
King. Tis true *Flewellen.*
Flew. Your Maieſty ſayes very true.
And it pleaſe your Maieſty,
The Welſhmen there was do good ſeruice,
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,
And I thinke your Maieſty will take no ſcorne,
To weare a Leeke in your cap vpon S. Dauies day.
King. No Flewellen, for I am Welſh as well as you.
Flew. All the water in Wye will not waſh your welch
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preſerue it,
To his graces will and pleaſure.
King. Thankes good Countrey-man.
Flew. By Ieſu I am your Maieſties Countryman, (man.
I care not who kno it, ſo long as your maieſty is an honeſt
King. God keepe me ſo. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the ſcattered French,

Exit Heralds

Call

Call yonder ſouldier hither.
Flew. You fellow, come to
Kin. Fellow, why doſt thou
Soul. And pleaſe your maieſ
gard with me the other day: a
which if euer I ſee, I haue ſwo
the like to mee.
Kin. How thinke you Flewell
Oath?
Fl. And it pleaſe your Maieſty
If he be periur'd once, he is as
treads vpon too blacke ſhooes
King. His enemy may be a G
Flew. And if he be as good a
Belzebub, and the diuell himſe
Tis meete he keepe his vow.
King. Well ſirrha keepe your
Vnder what Captaine ſerueſt t
Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower*
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a go
And hath good litterature in th
Kin. Go call him hither.
Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit ſould

Kin. Captaine Flewellen, w
Were downe together, I took
Heere Flewellen weare it.
If any challenge it, he is a frien
And an enemy to me.
Flew. Your Maieſty doth me
As can be deſired in the hearts
I would ſee that man now that
And it pleaſe God of his grace
That is all.
King. *Flewellen* knowſt thou
Flew. Captaine *Gower* is my

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